

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FEBRUARY, 1930

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P E T I T I O N

Mary, my Mother, O Virgin most pure,
Under thy aegis I feel most secure;
When I am troubled and seek aid in vain,
Then graciously help me relief to obtain.
When I have fallen, and sin stains my soul
And darkness enshrouds the sight of my goal,
Then aid me, kind Virgin, grace to regain
And in the future from sin to refrain.

So when I've come to the end of my life,
And am to leave this dark world with its strife,
Help me, O Virgin, to die in God's grace;
Take me to heaven in thy sweet embrace,
That there with thee I may for evermore
Father and Saviour and Spirit adore.

John W. Baechle, '30

PECULIARITIES UNSURMISED

I had just finished reading "The Phantom of the Opera", when a book entitled "Poor People" slipped into my hands. Of course anybody can easily imagine what a jolt I received when my mind had to turn from the filmy outlines of phantoms to the contemplation of harsh groans and the sufferings that caused them. I felt as if at least a half dozen demons were urging me to drop the work and run, but like a true descendant of old Adam, I just had to linger for a while in order to find out how the fruit tasted. The taste was not at all pleasant. In fact the disappointment experienced by the evil angels as noted in the following lines from Milton cropped up in my memory:

"They fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected."

There is no intention on my part to suggest that the reading of "Poor People" is the same as "chewing bitter ashes", but I do mean to say that this work of the Russian writer, Dostoevsky, will make its reader taste the ashes of melancholy the more keenly the more he happens to be filled with the "wine of gladness" at the time when he takes it up. But the experience that this work gave me, a work that could envisage gloom so vividly, made me feel that the people among whom it has been produced and their literature command close scrutiny.

Of course I do not pretend to be able to grasp the history of any one people perfectly, but in glozing over the annals of the Russian people I have made

what to me, at least, are discoveries. I found that this people had been chasing with might and main the will-o'-the-wisp, liberty, for fully a century and a half, and that they had used discontent, uprisings, and even murder as a means to ensnare this highly-priced phantom. They seemingly thought hard about the project of achieving political liberty, but it looks as if their thinking ability failed utterly just at the moment when it would have come in handy for the establishment of a new, free, and equalized government. Now the result of this lost opportunity, as newspapers and magazines report it, is a curious form of government called "bolshevism". This new political device apparently jumped into existence quite unexpectedly, like a brilliant moth from the old cocoon of popular discontent, and proves to have as its one characteristic the power to attract a great deal of attention. I cannot tell what it is all about; there must, however, be something terrible about it for nobody, outside of those who have tended the cocoon and have fostered the growth of the unusual moth, seems to like it. As far as my personal opinion reaches, I would say that the term, "bolshevism" would be better suited to designate a new brand of highly colored mixed candy than a form of government, but the founders of governments will have their likes even down to the names they feel like using, and who shall dispute their right? I shall not; hence I shall leave the evil genius of Russian rule to work its own destruction while I turn my quest to the domain of Russian literary thought and expression with a view towards what may be discovered there.

As late as 1820 Russia had no great literary work to boast of in the face of the many splendid and age-old literary achievements proper to other

countries with which she secured rather close contact. At this late date, fathers were still telling their children bed-time stories of ghosts and fairies in the shape of true folklore with all the grotesque inventions that the crude and uneducated mind will normally produce. But, not only children, their elders themselves were amused by this variety of story. It made no difference to them how grotesquely topsyturvy incidents, scenes, characters, and attitudes were jostled together. To them it was all real, and pleasingly real, if only the sheen of idealism could be made to cover it all.

The few items as mentioned in the preceding paragraph represent the result of my quest in early Russian literature. They are sufficient to indicate the tendency that enabled Russian writers to escape the influence of both Classicism and Romanticism in the production of their works. A people for whom "Jack and the Beanstalk" had as much reality as "beef and vodka" in early times, could hardly find pleasure in anything short of Realism. But the story-nature had to be present in all writings that were to make an appeal; hence Realism for the Russian had to be spiced with Idealism. It is this fortunate combination, as critics would have everybody believe, that has given Russian literature its national traits and has merited for it the praise of making the closest approach to a normal reflection of human life that has ever been made by the writers of any other nation.

A certain author, whose work I read because I was told that he is an author of repute, calls attention to characters as they appear in the literature of the Russians. Bearing in mind what I had learned from my chosen author, I turned to read several of the shorter creations of the Russian mind, and

very quickly discovered a surprisingly new way of making characters effective. I will not say that the method used is an invention of Russian writers. For all that I know, it may have been used for ages in the past, and probably was used; but the more educated descendants of old Ruric have employed the method with telling effect. Briefly, the device consists in giving strength and keen personality to characters, otherwise uncertain and weak in themselves, by bringing them into company with their opposites. The resulting contrast aids in producing a delineation of personality that reaches far beyond the effect that can be secured by gesture, attitude, or the most appropriate wording.

I observed, furthermore, that writers in this land of Russia are intent upon using their usually rugged characters to make, in the first place, an appeal for sympathy on the part of the reader for the neglected and down-trodden people of their country. Only as an after thought, so it would seem, did the idea enter the minds of these writers to employ character for the purpose of portraying life and of reflecting the results of human conduct. The outcome of this method is that such authors as Turgenev and Tolstoy have produced a mass of fiction which is little better than sermons in the shape of novels. This opinion may be juvenile or amateurish, but it represents the conclusion at which I have arrived by reading several of their works and by consulting the judgment of standard critics.

The nearest approach to humor that came to my notice in the course of the very limited survey that I made of the writings of Russian authors is "The Inspector General", a work in which Gogol makes a desperate attempt at sketching ludicrous situations. But I feel sure that nobody has as yet died of

laughter while reading this comedy. Of course the deadly fear of being sent to Siberia or to the Caucasus may have helped to kill many a suitable home-made joke, but, since most of the best Russian writers were sent to these places anyway, they might just as well have made their petty offences worth while. A good joke on the government of the Tzar was always worth a swat from the royal knout.

But in spite of numerous defects there is a mass of literature that does credit to Russia—literature that is of undisputed greatness. The best minds in the whole world, so critics of note tell me, are loud in speaking the praises of such authors as Turgenev, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy. Even Gorky, who is still among the living, comes in for a considerable share of consideration. With intellectual giants of this kind putting their shoulders to the wheel the clumsy cart of Russian nationalism should have made its way out of the mire of social and educational chaos at least by the close of the last century, but I find upon comparing the brilliant literary efforts made by the men here named with conditions reported to exist in Russia at present, that just the reverse has taken place. In the lives of such writers as Turgenev and Gorky it is stated that in order to obtain a proper perspective of their home land they made their way to foreign countries only to find that the picture which rose before their eyes was one of profound melancholy; but now that picture has become so distorted that it can excite nothing short of a feeling of disgust. But the present condition of that land may be a quickly passing incident, and the silken thread of Russian literary experience may again be taken up and spun out to endless lengths. Of course this can only happen if

the soliloquizing Hamlets, who run the government of that country, will put an end to their bolshevistic ravings.

The greatest surprise that came to me while puttering about in the field of Russian literature was the artless playfulness of incidents that hold place even in works that are avowedly serious. Thus in "Anna Karenina" the poor peasant is to receive special attention, but dance, wine, and joviality encroach upon so much space that it is more than hard to keep from forgetting the peasant with his miseries altogether. When "In My Childhood", the small Gorky shows his companion the little cove in a tree where he has buried a bird, and takes special care not to let him touch the feet of the bird that stick out of the miniature coffin, the reader is quite prone to laugh at the queer fancy that runs to such trifles, and in the rackish smile that creeps over his face, he is more than liable to forget to sympathize with the poor urchin who has invented such a grewsome toy. These singular incidents are what critics call the unaffected, simple, and naive quality of Russian literature, and their judgment, no doubt, is true; but if they mean to say that it is a laudable quality, then I shall have to leave them to enjoy it alone. That the works mentioned represent the zenith and decline of the literature in question appears to be generally accepted by critics; and I must say that I regret that zenith and decline should be so close together in a literature that held out promises of what is best in the world. If only Russia would strive to develop its natural resources, would stop asking querulously "What to do?", would turn to social betterment and to peace in national affairs, then its future literary men would be given occasion to equal the glory of those who

now belong to the past, and a literature might result which—minus the naive—will be as grand and as beautiful as that which any other country of the world has to its credit.

Samuel Homsey, '30

PROSPECT

"How beautiful the sky!" 'Twill soon be said,
When Winter's bleak and dreary days have fled,
And all will welcome Spring,
Who wakes at morn the robin's call so clear,
That herald of bright sunny days now near,
Which naught but joy can bring.

How sweet, how dear, the thoughts of flowers seem
That long in beds of snow were lost in dream,
Till wakened by the sun;
Naively bold now each grim Jack Frost flings
From off its stem where he tenacious clings,
For new life has begun.

Then all of nature's charms break forth in view;
The rose, the jasmine, and the silver yew
In radiance bedight;
A picture ever pleasing to the eye
Which nature's mystic touch does magnify
To fill us with delight.

Then we shall glory in our new-found joy,
Ere time comes on our gladness to destroy
And change our bliss to tears;
Hence care and ruth from out our minds we fling
While from the fullness of our hearts we sing,
And bid, avaunt! to fears.

R. F. Halker, '30

A COLLEGE BOY'S FAILURE

The weekly meeting of the managers of the Prescott-Shirley department store was drawing to a close. Several matters of minor consequence had been hastily adjusted; a brief examination of reports had been made, and now the motion for adjournment was carried. Quietly the managers filed through the door immediately in front of Shirley, the superintendent of the establishment. This gentleman, known as the 'chief boss', greeted each of his underlings with a parting smile, one alone excepted. Hartly, the foreman of the department assigned to furniture, found himself singled out for disfavor. With an authoritative gesture Shirley bade him remain, and after having closed the door, sternly faced him.

With a few perfunctory remarks concerning the increased demand for certain articles, the 'chief boss' opened the conversation, but suddenly changing to a severe attitude, demanded in short clear accents:

"Hartly, do you know why I asked you to stay?"

"No sir, Mr. Shirley,—that is to say, I'm not sure," was the hesitant reply.

"Well," pursued Shirley, "as chief manager of this firm it is my duty to inform you that your department has been found short on returns several times. Let me see; I think that it was on five different occasions that a shortage was noted. The person who took the money destroyed the cash register slips, but very fortunately forgot that each clerk keeps an account of the sales made, and that these accounts are checked up to see if they correspond with the slips from the cash register. Though, as I have said, these slips were destroyed, yet the accounts of the clerks are preserved, and

these prove that there is a notable discrepancy. Upon discovery that this shortage appeared five times within one month, it could not be passed up as an error. This thing, moreover, has been done deliberately and, no doubt, for the purpose of plain robbery. Furthermore, no one but you and the cashier, Miss Taylor, have access to the money earned in the department which you have in charge, and one or the other of you two must make an accounting with the treasurer of this firm each day at the hour of closing. Hence either you or Miss Taylor is implicated in this robbery, as no one else has occasion even to touch the income from your department. Naturally, since you are the one who is in charge, I shall have to reckon with you first. Do you realize that when a man begins to steal he sets his feet in the direction of a jail or prison? So, Hartly, I'm asking you to tell me what you know. I could turn you over to the police, but I have faith in you; I am dealing with you as a friend; hence as man to man, let me hear what you have to say about this matter."

"It was I who stole the money; I defrauded the company" was Hartly's reply in a voice that was remarkably calm.

"But surely, Hartly, you knew that it was wrong. Why did you do it?" inquired Shirley. "You didn't do it because you wanted to be a robber, did you? Perhaps you found yourself in financial straits; you needed money, is that it?"

It was hard for Hartly to ignore this plea from his 'chief boss', for in the past they had always been quite friendly to one another. Why, then, should he not tell all that he knew? In Shirley he recognized a person who could understand. There was really

no good excuse for evading the question that had been put. No, he would answer directly.

"I did it for Nevill," he replied with a quaver in his voice, "for my dear son Nevill. I want him to enjoy himself at college as other students do—as the best of them do. I want him to receive an education so that he cannot reproach me in later life with having neglected him, I can truthfully say that I did all that I could, and did what I am charged with now, for the sake of making life agreeable for him.

"I sent Nevill to Winoona four years ago. He is now in his senior year; only four months from now he will be graduated; how eagerly is he not now looking forward to that day when he can come home to his dad with a diploma to his credit. At first I could pay all his expenses easily, for I had put aside a tidy sum for that purpose. Later on I had to scrape and skimp, but as good luck would have it, and as you well know, Mr. Shirley, all the foremen of this establishment received a raise; it was this fortunate occurrence that enabled me to pay for Nevill in full."

Here Hartly stopped short as if something gripped his mind. Very gradually he proceeded in a slow measured tone of voice. "But this is his last year. I find myself undone. The thought that I must fail him set me to worrying days and nights as to the manner in which I might raise the money necessary to see him through. Then a suggestion came to me, and gradually shaped itself into an idea. At first I was horrified at the thought, but it would not leave me. It grew familiar, and finally I fell for it. I planned this larceny for weeks and studied it from all angles in order that I might make no mistake in carrying it out. But I did make a mistake—the usual, usual mistake. You see I failed to take into

consideration the clerks' account slips. Oh yes, yes, I took two thousand dollars. That is what I needed. I sent it to Nevill last week. I felt so—so happy—shall I say happy?—in the thought that now my son would have his desire for a college education fulfilled."

Shirley was taken aback at these plain words coming from Hartly. He sat staring into space quite unaware of the fact that nothing more was being said, or that the quiet, unobtrusive individual who had committed the robbery sat before him. Slowly he pulled his wits together and managed to ask:

"But, Hartly, why did you not come to me when you were in need of money? Surely you know that I would have trusted you and would have treated you on the square; you know that we have always been friends; you know that I have always regarded you as a trustworthy and able foreman in the department where you are employed, then, why did you not ask me for a loan?"

"I know—I know all of that," stammered Hartly. The straight forward reproach coming from Shirley had touched him. "But you see I didn't know how soon I could pay back what I was to borrow, and I was afraid that Nevill would discover that I had to skimp to put him through. Then, too, I entertained the silly thought that I alone should be responsible for seeing him through college."

"Why, Hartly," exclaimed the boss, "don't you understand that your doings in the face of any motive whatsoever are wrong? You could have had full honors for your son and for yourself even though you had borrowed the necessary funds for that purpose. You could have paid back the amount at some future time, but now to make matters bad—real bad—you

resorted to stealing. It now becomes my sore duty, Hartly, my sore duty to exact justice, but as friend to friend, I shall give you two days in which to raise the two thousand and return them to the firm."

"Thanks, Mr. Shirley," mumbled Hartly, "but I don't think that I can accept your offer for the simple reason that I cannot raise the money, not even if I had two weeks in which to do it. I have no stocks to sell; nothing to pawn, in other words, I am penniless."

"But don't you realize that your act of embezzlement demands imprisonment if you cannot clear yourself from guilt?" queried Shirley, and continuing to charge Hartly, said, "Just think, you turned to stealing in order to put your boy through college, and now at the close of his course, when he thinks that he has been decorated with honors, he is to return home to find his father in jail for playing the degrading part of a thief. Bestir yourself. Think of some one who will help you out. Even now you might have asked me for aid, but evidently you have no confidence in me, and, to be sure, I have no reason to have confidence in you. But don't despair so easily, old boy, get busy; go out into the city and find some one who will let you have the money."

"Your words and kindnesses are all of no use, Mr. Shirley," Hartly returned. "I have no security that might warrant a loan, and as far as jail and prosecution are concerned, as well as the consequent disgrace to Nevill, well, they constitute another hardship that will simply have to be met. That is all; come what may. But thanks to you, Mr. Shirley, for the extension of time that you have allowed me, and I want to assure you that I appreciate the fact that you did not turn me over to the police at once, but now go ahead; do your duty. I am ready."

Hartly said these words with a sad look on his face. In fact worry was exacting its toll from him. His present disgrace made him look much older than he really was. He had always sought to hide his financial difficulties behind a smile, but now that disclosure had overtaken him, all his troubles, difficulties, and heartaches set their seal upon his brow. He appeared hopelessly crushed to earth. Rising from his chair he extended his hand to Mr. Shirley and prepared to go.

"No, no, Hartly," Mr. Shirley interposed, "your talk about me doing my duty at once is all nonsense. I have made you an offer of two days of grace, and I shall stick to my offer. Remember, you have two days in which to raise the required amount. Try your best. Don't be a helpless fool. You have ability, plenty of it. Set yourself to the task at once. The one duty, though, that I must perform and that right now is to tell you that you are dismissed. Probably you expected to hear as much, but if you can bring the money within the time specified, your job will be awaiting you."

Hartly now passed out of the office of the 'chief boss' and made his way homeward all the while worrying and stewing about the impending imprisonment. In his plans for thieving he had not reckoned with possible disgrace for the simple reason that he did not expect to be caught. Having taken his supper he settled down in a large chair before the fireplace whence the light from a gas burner shed a melancholy glow throughout the room. Everything was ideal for a mind filled with worry, depression, and gloom. He tried to figure out means whereby he might escape imprisonment and further disgrace. But his thoughts suggested nothing practical.

Always—always the one idea recurred that the only way of escape was to leave this life. But how?

In his bewilderment he thought of his automatic. No, that would make too much noise. He thought of the rope—no, that would mean suffering. Slash one's wrists and bleed to death; yes, that is what he would—no, that would mean to make too much of a mess. Lastly the idea came to his mind that gas fumes can suffocate. Yes, he would try gas fumes. He extinguished the flame in the fireplace and allowed the gas to escape into the room. People would not suspect suicide, he mused to himself, as the odor of gas became perceptible, and hence disgrace would not pursue him in death. Shirley, of course, so he supposed, would not tell. Drowsiness settled upon him; a heavy darkness followed; he felt that he was going to sleep. A repeated loud rap at the door recalled him to his senses.

"Come in!" he ordered.

The door opened. A figure moved towards him in the room. "Dad, Dad!" He heard an agonized voice cry out, as he felt himself in the grasp of some one who was dragging him out of the room. "What can this mean? What can this mean?" were the questions he heard as he blinked his eyes in the hallway that lead to his room.

"Dad wake up; I am your son, Nevill. You were almost suffocated by gas, Dad. It is a good thing that I came when I did."

"What are you doing here, son?" Hartly inquired.

"Dad, I found you in a terrible condition," Nevill replied, "but I have something quite as terrible to report to you. I failed in the examinations at the college, and the authorities sent me home. Do you

realize what that means? Here are the two thousand dollars you sent me recently."

"Thank God!" was the mumbled reply.

"But, Dad, how can you be so indifferent? Do you understand that I have disgraced you; that I have betrayed your trust in me?"

"No, you didn't, Nevill," came the reply. "Now I can face 'chief boss', Shirley. I have the money. Son, thank God that you failed. I have often heard it said that one poison drives out another. I think that it may well be said that one disgrace drives out another, so, at least, it seems to have worked in my case. But of this you shall know more later. Turn off that gas."

Yawning and stretching repeatedly, like one who has just awakened from sleep, Mr. Hartly cast himself heavily into a cushioned chair and began a lengthy conversation with his son, Nevill.

C. B. Kruczek, '31

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—Bryant

Like an old woman that goes from room to room searching for her spectacles that are pushed up on her forehead, we walk all over the world looking for the peace which God has so set that our feet are constantly stumbling against it.—Austin O'Malley.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE

Between two candles burning bright
On shelves of pale gold hue;
Between two vases filled with white,
Fresh roses, moist with dew—
An ivory Corpus silent stands;
Beneath, a holy priest
Who holds within his trembling hands
Earth's consecrated Feast.

The sacred Host he lifts aloft;
Now raise your eyes, for lo!
'Tis God, the Son of God who oft,
Comes thus; and graces flow
To stir in hearts the flame of love;
To calm the aching breast;
While angels beck'ning from above,
Invite your soul to rest.

Approach and kneel; this gift adore;
Receive the Bread of Life;
Blest food and drink from Christ implore
For aid in mortal strife.
Then leaving, greet that saving Tree
From whence all graces flow;
Encouraged, soothed, consoled, care-free,
Rejoicing, homeward go.

J. F. Szaniszlo, '31

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS

In looking over the list of pastimes in which the younger generation of today indulges, I find one which stands out preeminently as perhaps the best. This pastime is athletics. The point which I will endeavor to bring out in these pages is that athletics have many values. In all times, athletics have played a really important part. People of every age have realized their values to be divided into three important classes. These divisions are: first, those values which affect one's physical activities; second, those which affect one's moral activities; third, those which affect one's mental activities.

In the first place athletics are the best means of preserving one's health. They do this by strengthening both the muscles and the organs of the body. Educators are agreed that the most efficient nation of the future will be one which takes the most intelligent care of the body. To deny virile youth the opportunity of athletics, is to make that youth less virile, and to force it to find other and less desirable means of satisfying the athletic impulse. The study of the athletic problem has brought about rather an increase than a decrease in the appreciation of the value of athletics as an important factor to produce in adolescence the best and sturdiest qualities that go to make manly men. A widow, urged to insist on her son's playing football, said she feared he might break his arm. "Madam," was the rejoinder, "it is better for your son to break his neck in sturdy manly play, than become the soft fibred, spineless creature that wealth and petting will make of him, unless sturdier motives are brought into his life." But the

value of athletics for youth is too well recognized by people at present to require any further plea in its favor.

Another great value of athletics is that which influences the moral activities of one's life. Athletics tend to develop in a person some of the most desirable qualities of both heart and mind that can be found in man. No moral quality is so necessary in the battle of life as will power. As a means of developing will power there is nothing, perhaps, in the world that will excel athletics, and since courage is nothing more or less than an exhibition of will power, it follows that all those games which develop will power, inevitably develop courage at the same time. Courage gained through boxing, football, baseball, or high diving; altruism through team work; obedience—all these are a part of the general moral effect of athletics, and are valuable in the practical hurly-burly of everyday life.

Then there are the invaluable mental effects of athletics. Whether one is a Monist, Dualist, Parallelist, or Materialist, he must admit that athletics, in training the body and heart, also train the mind. Perception, judgment, aggressiveness, and discretion, learned in games of a competitive nature are the outstanding effects produced by athletics on the mind. Many mental abnormalities are due to a lack of valuable training which could have overcome or prevented such a condition. After the mind has become dull, and one is not able to think clearly, the best means to clarify the mind is a wholesome athletic game. Thus athletics contribute to the goal of mental worth and efficiency—to the joy of achievement.

In ancient times the Greeks, realizing the great advantages of participation in athletics, caused them to become a part of their everyday life. A striking example of the important place which athletics held is found in the national festivals where exhibitions of bodily agility, strength, and skill were found in the form of various competitive exercises. In Sparta athletics formed a part of the lives of both boys and girls. Boys and young men were given exercise to make them the great soldiers they were. The girls were given exercise to enable them to become the vigorous mothers to the sturdy race which public welfare demanded. Likewise in Athens the value of athletics was realized and both boys and girls took part in all varieties of physical exercise.

In Rome the value of bodily exercise was known, and the Romans took advantage of this means to maintain robust health, and to prepare themselves for the strenuous life of the army. To withstand the strenuousness of Roman military life, soldiers took part in such rigorous exercises as the name of the army "exercitus" implies. Physical training in the form of games helped to make Rome the great Empire she became, and lack of proper physical training helped to bring about her ruin and downfall.

In the life of today, athletics also play an important part. They are an essential element in the every-day life of modern boys and girls. High schools and colleges everywhere are establishing physical training courses to satisfy the demand for athletic training. Even as a recreation, athletics play an important part. American young men and women get more pleasure out of an hour spent in watching an athletic contest, than their ancestors got out of

two hours spent in gossiping across their tea-cups.

It is evident, therefore, that athletics were very valuable to the ancients, and that they are likewise so to the people in modern times; and that their values may be classed in three divisions, physical, moral, and mental. The physical value lies in their ability to strengthen the body; the moral, to strengthen the heart; and the mental, to strengthen the mind. In the life of every day, in the struggle for place and power, in the effort to uplift others by teaching, or by writing, or by example—in all these activities there are certain qualities which are essential to power and success. The man who would be, or would do anything significant in the world must have physical power, endurance, and control; he must possess courage, concentration, and aggressiveness; he must have clear perceptions, quick judgment and decisiveness; he must, last of all, have the power to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellows. There is no hesitation in claiming that all these characteristics of body, heart, and mind are developed by the proper use of athletics.

Lawrence Ernst, '32

A WOMAN TROUBADOUR

In looking through the literatures of various nations, one will find that not only men have made an earnest bid for the laurels of the poet, but that women also have endeavored to reach these honors. To bring this fact into evidence one need but recall such names as Sappho, Camilla Collet, Elizabeth Browning, and Gormly, the daughter of Flann Siona.

In very modern times, of course, women poets are "legion", and it becomes increasingly difficult to tell on which side of the fence laid out by gender the better poets are to be found.

It is an interesting matter, however, to reach back for several centuries and stop at a period in the history of literature where, as it would appear from conditions, that no poet of any rank could be found, and then discover a poetess whose productions are not merely abundant in number but also meritorious in quality. Such a poetess is Christine de Pisan, a French woman, whose stanzas have a finish as good as that achieved by Mrs. Browning, and whose delicacy of feeling is very similar to that shown by Sappho. Like Mrs. Browning, she was a married woman, but her life was not as idyllic and agreeable as was the life of this English woman. Christine lived out her days during the Hundred Years' War in France—a period of time when this country suffered the greatest distress that had ever befallen it. It was fortunate that Mr. de Pisan, the father of Christine, was a man who, "not thinking girls any more unfit for learning than boys", allowed her to "glean some straws of learning"; and it was under his kindly supervision that she became familiar with the classical authors of Rome and with the songs of the troubadours. Through this contact her native talent was awakened; and that she must have made unusual progress may be deduced from the fact that King Charles the Wise soon became her patron.

From one of her early works, "*Le Chemin de Long Estude*", it may be learned that her life was uneventful to the close of her fourteenth year. Throughout, this work is autobiographical with an evident purpose to lay bare her manner of living

during youth and maidenhood to her readers. At fifteen she married Etienne du Costel with whom she lived in happiness until 1389 when the plague quite suddenly carried him off. Her father and King Charles the Wise had died sometime earlier with the consequence that now Christine found herself reduced to the bare means of living. It came to be a real problem for her to support her aged mother and her three children. In this situation it is all the more surprising that she determined to have recourse to letters as a means of livelihood because the times were not very favorable for authorship and that, least of all, for a woman who chose to be a poetess.

But her determination assured success. She knew how to observe things that to others seemed old, trite, and unworthy of attention, with that shrewdness of sight that enabled her to give them an original setting and thus make them look strange and interesting. At length she undertook to write love poems in imitation of the troubadours whose profession she did not take up as far as minstrelsy is concerned, but whose themes, methods, and poetic forms she imitated so closely that she may well be said to belong to this class of poets. It is commonly objected that she wrote her love poems at a price, exquisite though they be. Poetry, it is maintained, must be spontaneous, and this quality, so it is argued, can only be the result when inspiration has been obtained at the shrine of Phoebus and not at that of Pluto. It may all be that a person will read the six or seven score little ballads and "jeux de sprit" that are marked "à vendre" with more delight if he does not know that the sentiments expressed have been bought and paid for, but let any reader be assured that if he does not know anything about the

bargain that was made, he will not be able to discover it because of any defect in the poems as such.

There is a quality about the poetry of Christine that naturally compells one to recall what critics have said about an American author, namely, James Russel Lowell. "While Lowell has a well-educated taste;" we are told, "he must bring his library even to the dandelion,"—similarly Christine could not hold the pride of her learning in check, but allows it to overflow liberally into her verse in the form of pedantic allusions badly stiffened with the starch of knowledge, all of them too manifestly the product of the trained mind rather than of the bubbling heart. It is maintained that where these faults appear less, or not at all, her poems are filled with more genuine inspiration and with more true emotion. Be it remembered, however, as an answer to this charge, that only the sharp eye of a well trained critic may be able to sense the difference in emotional worth between the poems marked "à vendre" and those written merely to satisfy the impulse of the moment. In her poems, without exception, there is visible the noble heart of a woman who struggles bravely to face the world with a smile in spite of sore grief and distressing misfortune.

In a somewhat pretentious work, undertaken mostly upon the encouragement she received by the patronage of the great Duke of Burgundy, Phillipe le Hardi, she gives a brilliant picture of Charles the Wise and his court. She had lived at the court in her girlhood days when her father held the position of astrologer to the King; hence she had at her convenience first hand knowledge of incidents that go to make up life in a royal palace. This work entitled "*Le Liore des Faits et Bonnes Moeurs du Roi Charles V*" gives very fine portraits of the King and his

courtiers, whose personal traits, both good and bad, she knew perfectly. The reader of this work, however, will develop more than a well grounded suspicion that her portrayals are rather one-sided, though she does make an evident attempt to do justice to the characters whom she depicts.

Difficulties in making a living easily forced Christine to do more writing than time and talent on her part would allow, providing an even standard of excellence was to be maintained. In consequence a huge mass of her work is nothing better than hack-writing. There is ill-considered prose and ill-considered verse in plenty to indicate how busily she had to hold to the task in order to win bread for her mother and her children. But this material produced at the command of necessity does not represent her best efforts and should not be used to detract from her fame as an author.

When the third period of the Hundred Years' War opened, Christine left Paris and fled for safety to a convent in Poissy where her daughter was already a nun. Her little family now broke up completely, and for the last eleven years of her life she remained in seclusion. The news that came to her concerning the exploits of the Maid of Orleans gave her great consolation in her declining years. In gladness and wonder she sang the "Dittie de Jean d'Arc" in praise of this "girl of sixteen years—before whom enemies fly, and none dare stand—Oh, what an honor to our sex!—our sex that God loves, it would seem." This was the last bit of writing that came from her prolific pen—from the pen of her who did preserve respect for herself and sought to preserve respect for all womanhood in an evil age.

L. Growney, '31

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EDITORIALS

“Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof.” These words, inscribed on the Liberty Bell, constitute the message that this historic bell, while swinging in the tower of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on July 4, 1776, sent forth to the American people. When this famous and dearly loved bell began to send forth its notes without discord a young nation had freed itself from the shackles of tyrannical power and had asserted its right—liberty.

This priceless treasure of liberty became closely

associated with the spirit of the American nation when George Washington, inspiring thousands of brave hearts to fight for America's cause, courageously resisted and overcame the menace of despotic oppression. As the leader of America in this all-important crisis, it is but a patriotic duty for this nation to honor George Washington with the appellation "Founder of American Liberty".

For a nation to wrest itself from the irritating grasp of another nation in order to secure liberty, and then to restrain and check the use of that liberty on the part of its own people seemed to be two acts entirely inconsistent with the conception of democracy as entertained by the American people. Hence, it was but natural that this people should await the coming of the second founder or guardian of its liberty; the man who was to inculcate the real idea that liberty embraces. Abraham Lincoln, thus destined, conformed in every detail with these requirements by subduing, by force of arms, the arrogant attitude of some Americans to the true concept of liberty as was indicated in the inscription on the Liberty Bell. If the name, "Founder of American liberty", properly belongs to Washington, then the name, "Preserver of American liberty", suits the character of Lincoln quite as properly.

What purpose will the achievement of liberty serve if nobody will endeavor to perpetuate it; to preserve it? Naturally, those who have derived benefits from the blessings of liberty should be its guardians and defenders. That means us, the American people. In this month of February, when we commemorate the founders of that liberty which belongs to the American people, it is very becoming for us, the recipients of liberty's benefits, to give,

as true patriots will, an occasional thought to the fact that it is incumbent on us to perpetuate and preserve this national blessing.

When someone pores over history, the best retrospect of the past available, one will invariably marvel at the immense numbers of lives that were lost on different occasions on the fields of battle. He will wonderingly question himself concerning the peculiar disposition or mental attitude of millions of men. What was it that exacted from them such an all-submissive and perfect devotion to their country? Did those men possess a meaningless enthusiasm, hysteria, or sentiments that lacked justification in the face of sound reason? No! In those victims of bloody wars, conscience evolved a passion which inspired them, ardently and fervently, to serve their country. In other words they possessed the spirit of patriotism.

Patriotism! What is really its significance? For a person to fulfill its requirements implies zeal and wholehearted support of the interests and advantages of his country. Then also, the patriot never feels the sting of selfishness and jealousy, but, on the contrary, he is most charitable in things that tend towards human right and human liberty. In his anxiety to share everything with the world he will invariably think of the other person and forget himself, for, never is the patriot more proud of his own flag than when it means to other people, as well as to himself, a symbol of hope and of liberty.

Extremes, no matter in what direction they tend, are baneful. Just as we find some persons exceeding all limits of moderation in things that belong to life, so do we find others who are intensely nationalistic.

To say that an exaggerated patriotism—nationalism is often thus termed—is far from the ideal, is, we believe, correct, for it excludes all other people from due consideration. Theodore Roosevelt, while outlining some of the essentials of patriotism, once said:—"One flag, the American flag; one language, the language of the Declaration of Independence; one loyalty, loyalty to the American people." Probably the most noteworthy of these thoughts is the last one, "loyalty to the American people". Roosevelt, in opposing nationalism, realized that a noble act of loyalty done by one citizen to another ultimately results in a service to the country as a whole. Such an interpretation seems logical for, in our mind, every devoted patriot anticipates the day when America shall place human rights above every variety of arrogance, and when her flag shall be, not only to America, but to all humanity, the harbinger of safety, liberty, and peace.

EXCHANGES

We often wonder how it comes about that everyone is more than anxious to read the "Quarterlies" from cover to cover. Is it the spice of these issues, the attractive appearance of the cover, the stories and essays, the cartoons and the jokes, the poetry and the editorials, or, maybe the advertising? Of course the "Quarterlies" contain everyone of the items enumerated and, that, too, in a form, the best possible, that school journalism can offer. Anyone, naturally, who has that certain literary taste which craves for well written matter will find his desires satisfied by delving into the pages of any of the popular "Quarterlies". These publications are rare

treats to Exchange Editors because nothing in any entire issue would admit of suggestion or criticism. If it were not for the fact that these publications have a superior tone about themselves, we should be inclined to devote an entire Exchange column to the "Quarterlies" alone. But we find that our vocabulary is too meager in critical terms to allow us to undertake the task as indicated. If we were to do so, we should have to consult a book on synonyms in order to have such a variety of words at hand as would keep us from becoming unbearably monotonous. But we wish to say that we enjoy the "Quarterlies" heartily. They bring material that is well worth reading.

An altogether new exchange, GOOD NEWS, from Northeast Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has taken a place on our list. It is a good example of the very excellent work that can go into a journal of this nature. If the cover alone could be an index of quality in contents, then all that we should have to do is reprint the cover. But this is not all. There are interesting cartoons on many pages that reflect gayety and wit. The editorials are thoughtful, and the little articles such as "Aviation" and "Chess", together with the short stories as "Man Proposes", "Mending Fences", "The Alibi" are rather entertaining. We can easily imagine what a knock-out that strong melodrama, "Sweet Revenge", must have been. Such writers as Hentrick, Baldwin, and Herron would be an asset to any school. The writer of the sport section knows how to handle his phrases.

V. A. LIFE, coming from Saxtons River, Vermont, carries a real anthology of poetry in its Christmas issue. The editor evidently lent his pen

to many an article in this number, and he did so to good effect as "How About a New Gym—Alumni" and "Leadership" amply prove. But there are also other pleasant stories and nicely written articles. The essay should, however, receive more attention in a magazine that is otherwise of a quality that may well be termed literary. The humor section is very entertaining.

Isn't it odd that every football story runs along the same lines? First of all, two pals meet on the way to school and talk about the great game scheduled for tomorrow. All seats in the "Big Bowi" have been reserved long since—both teams are in readiness for the clash that will settle all doubts as to which of the rivals will be entitled to laurels.—Come the day—good weather—a contest that seems to be just a little onesided. Ah! Here comes the hero, who, by the way, is always thinking of some girl in the grandstand, the one with the perfect features cheering for him. What a break! With just one minute to play, the hero intercepts a long forward pass, and gallops ninety yards down the field for a touchdown! Our hero won the day! Of course, all short stories have the climax at the end, and in this case, dastardly defeat would be a poor finish to the usual football story. Exit, finis!

THE ABBEY STUDENT, Atchison, Kansas, is a trim and stately magazine. "Charley's Dolorous Victory" is a football story, but it is none of the uninteresting and shop-made kind. In it good plot and a deal of pep are in evidence. All the joys (?) of one month in training at a Citizen's Military Training Camp are somewhat humorously portrayed in "A Long Thirty". Gorsh! We hope that it isn't as bad as all that! The essays and editorials give evidence

of hard work and command considerable attention. Give us a joke column; we know that you have a plenty of jolly things to say.

THE BLUE AND WHITE from Grand Rapids, Michigan, devotes much space to seasonal productions in its Christmas number. But these productions secure the purpose for which they are written. They suggest a real Christmas feeling as "A Child's Prayer" and "A Child's Christmas Wish" sufficiently prove. Rather pleasantly humorous are the "Letters to Santa from Seniors". The Exchange Editors take much pains to do their work well. The work of the Sports Editors as also "Christmas Thoughts" should receive comment.

We gratefully acknowledge the following Exchanges: Wendellette; Maywood; Cosmos; Marion; Vincentian; Gavel; Olivia; Good Will; Look-A-Head; Academy News; Pacific Star; Vermont Academy Life; Rattler; Loyola Quarterly; Tower; Gonzaga Quarterly; Good News; Fram; Bell; Counsellor; The Voice; Red and White; Loyola News; Gothic; Spotlight; Aurora; The Printcrafters; The Brown and White; The Centric; The Red and Blue; Purple and White; The Adelphian; The Collegian; Blue and White; Chronicle; Calvert News; Hour Glass; Field Afar; H. C. C. Journal; Inklings; Life; Notre Dame News; Periscope; Rambler; Vista; Shamrock; Black and Red; The Pilgrim; and The Wag.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom;
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

—Niles

THE CLOUD OF LUCK

A silvery horseshoe glides across
The sky—so high 'bove vast abyss—
May it betoken someone's bliss
And bring unmeasured happiness.

A wondrous form like this can't be
Just filmy shade cast from the main,
And be thus shaped by chance for rain
To drench dry fields and sprout the grain.

Some unseen hand has wrought this shape
And sends it forth to stray alone,
As cloud that by the wind is blown
To hush in hearts some painful groan.

Its shadow gliding o'er the earth
Relieves the sultry summer air;
Like balmy dew on mornings fair
It tends to soothe man's woe and care,

Its errand run; it fades away
Like fog in heaven's azure dome,
And bids my mind in wonder roam
Where clouds have made their happy home.

A. Grot, '30

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat
them greatly, and they will show themselves great.
—Emerson.

LIBRARY NOTES

Many people, Protestants and Catholics as well, and even parents and those whose duty it is to be advisers, have a faint and sometimes an erroneous conception of just what is meant by the "Roman Index of Forbidden Books" and what is contained in it. When people think of the Index they commonly have in view the fact that from time to time the Roman authorities pass on some individual works, and expressly and by name put them in the Index of Forbidden Books. Though this, indeed, is true, the books so forbidden are only a few of those which fall under the general prohibition of the Church. As one writer in the "Ecclesiastical Review" has written: "There are one thousand books forbidden by the rules of the Index for every one that is nominally mentioned in its specific list; and it is the spirit of the Index to protect against every bad book, whether named or not, that can harm the minds and hearts of the faithful." This clears up an error often met with; namely, that the alphabetical Index contains ALL the books forbidden by the Church, and that there are no others which Catholics are obliged to avoid.

A book is put on the Index by a decree of the Congregation of the Index, corresponding, in our ordinary language, to a committee. Of course, the Pope alone, without having recourse to any of the congregations, can put a book on the Index, either by issuing a Bull or a Brief or in any other way he chooses. Naturally, however, he seldom if ever does so. The greater part of the work is usually done by learned priests and bishops, generally called consultors, with the final decision reserved to the

cardinals heading the Congregations. When there is a question of the condemnation of a book, it is first carefully examined by one of the consultors. He must draw up a detailed report, noting exactly the passages which he finds objectionable. The book with this report next goes to the other consultors, so that each one can satisfy himself as to whether the examiner's view is well founded. It is then discussed in one of the regular sessions of the consultors and a vote is taken on whether or not its condemnation is to be recommended to the cardinals. If it is, the cardinals at their regular weekly meeting give their final verdict, and then the matter is laid before the Pope for his sanction.

This congregation, however, does not act infallibly, but is liable to mistakes as is any group of human beings. Yet nobody can deny that their procedure is a complete and excellent one. The book is examined at least three times before a verdict is reached and a large number of picked scholars, each of whom has taken an oath not to allow himself to be swayed by sympathy or antipathy, participate in each proceeding. It is reasonable to suppose, then, that any book actually placed on the list of prohibited books is one which might do an infinite amount of harm to the people if it were left in circulation.

A second and broader form of censorship is found in the Church's statement of general principles which ought to govern Catholics in their reading. These principles are intended as a guide for the prudent reader in his choice of books. Briefly, the books to be avoided are classified as follows. First, books which treat of faith and morals in an objectionable manner. This group includes works which fost-

er heresy and schism; which attack the inspirational character of the Sacred Scriptures; which teach moral errors; and which are professedly obscene. Second, books devoid of reverence for holy things. Here are meant such works as offer insult to God, to the Church, the Blessed Virgin or the Saints. Third, books which conflict with the right exercise of devotion. The reference is particularly to unauthorized editions of the Bible or to devotional literature not approved by the Church. All books included in these classes are forbidden, regardless of whether they are named in the Index or not. The rule thus stated is so simple that every intelligent Catholic can apply it to his reading. He is indeed, expected to know and apply it, because literature may be as great a source of temptation as any other created thing.

If all the writers and readers accepted the decrees of the Index in the right spirit, an immense amount of good could be accomplished. Some worldly authors whose books have been condemned, term themselves fortunate because "sales" almost always increase as a result. It is even maintained that in some cases evil-minded authors have intentionally written so as to get their books on the Index. But is this reason enough to do away with the prohibitory law? We can see at once that the Index must be a very poor means of advertising. Those who have an Index are certainly not prospective buyers of immoral novels, or works which propagate heretical views and teachings; and those who hanker for such reading material will not invest two or three dollars for a book which contains only a comparatively few titles. Even if the sale of the book would increase, still the Index would achieve its main purpose of warning the faithful that the ideas advo-

cated are contrary to faith and morals.

Some people who have a misconceived idea of the "dreaded and almighty authority" of the Pope think that he is inconsiderate in telling the people what to read and what not to read. We should rather look to him as the good shepherd and seek his advice in such serious matters, just as the child places its troubles and cares in the hands of its parents, and expects them to choose between the right and wrong.

SOCIETIES

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The coming of a New Year brings with it the election of a new set of officers for the C. L. S. At the meeting held January 12, Daniel Nolan, the former vice-president, was elevated to the presidency, while Thomas Durkin, ex-critic was honored with the office of vice-president. To accept the more arduous duties of critic, Marcellus Dreiling relinquished his secretaryship which Victor Pax now capably holds. As treasurer the C. L. S. elected Aloys Friedrich, and to serve on the executive committee it chose Lawrence Grothouse, Rouleau Joubert, and Joseph Sheeran. The most enviable of offices, that of marshal, was gratuitously bestowed upon Karl Wuest by the Rev. Moderator. After the elections the Rev. Moderator remarked that if the time required for, and the enthusiasm exhibited at the meeting would indicate the spirit of the C. L. S. the second term would indeed be a success, and the society resolved that this spirit shall not diminish.

The new and energetic set of officials was installed at the following meeting which was characterized by the timely words of encouragement of both the Rev. Moderator and the various officers. When at this meeting the Rev. Moderator appointed the historian for this year, he felt sure that Marcellus Dreiling would acquit himself of the task very well, and that he would not prove as dilatory in recording events connected with the society, as was the case at times in past years.

To commemorate the birthday of George Washington, the C. L. S. will make its next public appearance in the form of a varied literary program similar in nature to the one presented for Columbus Day.

NEWMAN CLUB

The mid-year election of the Newman Club, like that of the C. L. S. was a very lengthy and spirited one. To show their appreciation of their former critic, the Newmanites elected Robert Nieset president. Alex Leiker was chosen vice-president by acclamation, while John Lefko and Herman Schnurr were selected as secretary and treasurer respectively. In order to test the assertion made by one of its members that the qualifications of critic run in a certain family the Newman Club elected Maurice Meyers its critic. (It will be remembered that his illustrious cousin, Thomas Durkin, executed this difficult office very well in the C. L. S. during the first half of the present school year.) The executive committee consists of John Byrne, Leo Lemkuhl, and Joseph Otte. Although it is alleged that Bernard Hartlage had designs on the grand marshalship for

this term, his colleague, Lawrence Gollner received the appointment, so "Barney" is now anticipating holding that office in the C. L. S. next year. We hope you will prove yourself deserving of this responsible position, Bernard, and that your campaign may be successful next time.

Thus the Newman Club again sets forth with redoubled ambitions to reach its literary and dramatic goal in order that its members may be a valuable addition to the C. L. S. of next year.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

In the past the D. M. U. has sponsored either an essay or a short story contest annually. This year, however, besides planning such a contest, the Unit is now holding a song contest. The purpose of this contest is to obtain the words for a suitable mission song pertaining directly to the Dwenger Mission Unit. Besides the honor of being the author of this lyric, which will be sung for years to come, the writer of the best song will receive a \$2.50 gold piece. So come on lyrist, win fame, honor, and the gold piece by giving a pleasing representation of the D. M. U. in rhythmical verse.

The educative feature of the first private program of the New Year was an interesting debate, "Resolved that our home missions should be cared for first." The affirmative side was upheld by Francis Weiner, the negative by Walter Junk. Walter Junk received the decision. After having presented an enjoyable dialogue Andrew Matthieu and Fred Moore gave a short exhibition of magic, the adroitness of which actually stunned the audience.

Various plans and projects are under discussion,

which if they be successfully realized, will crown this year, together with its activities, as the most fruitful that the D. M. U. has experienced within recent times.

RALEIGH CLUB

Due to the absence of any particular event in the Raleigh Club since the Christmas holidays we present the following with the hope that we are not usurping any rights belonging to the Humor Editor exclusively.

Resolved: That the Raleigh Club would not be just quite the same jolly place of recreation and amusement if it were not for:

Tony Krapf, incessantly hunting for a new or different station on the radio;

Kamm Duray searching every section of every paper every day for the latest news of Art Shires the Great;

Goubeaux solving the most difficult cross-word puzzles ever created by the ingenuity of man, merely by applying Archimedes' principle;

Art Reineck blowing diamond rings from a five-cent cigar;

Tubby Kraus burning "soft coal" in his pipe;

Master Thomas Lawrence Boniface Anthony Durkin Jr. unwillingly inhaling the smoky atmosphere about twice a month;

Jimmy Connor with his new overcoat;

Herm. Reineck, Zukie and Gibson convening in some remote corner, (most probably) discussing some naval conference;

Virge Van Oss reading some book with one of his ears inside the loudspeaker;

Bernie Rachel, Jazz King, wishing he were Paul Whiteman or could at least play in his orchestra;

Lemkuhl and Wurst playing the exciting, nerve-racking, brain-taxing game of checkers;

John Talbot Spaulding, of the Kentucky Talbots, and other "Kaintuckians" saying "you all" between puffs on their corncob pipes;

Red Dreiling or Shorty Boker calling Irick down on general principles;

Heinie Bucher smoking O. P. tobacco (Other peoples');;

Wiener Schnitzel as the greatly appreciated janitor in chief;

And for other less notorious members adding by their caprices to the enjoyment of all whom they do not bore.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

In making a survey of the events that are expected to happen during the few months that remain of the present school year, it becomes evident that there are several programs on the schedule which promise to be quite pleasing. These programs will be presented by the local Music Department. Realizing that the success of these entertainments depends particularly upon them, the members of the various musical organizations are giving themselves with zest and willingness to the preparation necessary to put things over in a big way.

The choral group, outside of the usual task of rehearsing the singing for Divine Services, is engaged in practicing an operetta which will hold its place on the stage sometime in the spring. Considerable work is required to present an operetta in a

successful manner, and the choral group understands that earnest work is before its members. But the enthusiasm which everyone in the group is manifesting indicates plainly that the work of the directors will meet with appreciation and will be rendered entirely enjoyable. High hopes are entertained, moreover, that this operetta will surpass in finish and execution any one of the similar exhibitions that held the stage at this place in past years.

The orchestra will also be kept busy. Outside of furnishing accompaniment to the operetta, it will have its usual number of engagements. These rounds at "the fiddle and the bow" consist largely in playing at the dramatic exhibitions of the several literary societies, at the Alumni banquet, and at the commencement exercises.

If the goodly number of newly purchased musical selections will allow one to judge of what the future holds in store, then it might well be said that the band will give a large number of pleasant concerts during the coming semester. Everybody at St. Joseph's is looking forward eagerly to the evening concerts which the band will render during the several weeks of the spring term.

The students of the Music Department extend sincere congratulations to Professor Tonner upon the publication of another new work in musical composition which he has produced. His pupils, as well as the students in general together with the faculty of the college, feel that this publication coming from Professor Tonner will meet with unparalleled success.

God grants liberty to those who live it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

ALUMNI NOTES

On January 2, 1930, death summoned Mr. Albert Krill to his eternal reward. Mr. Krill was a member of the class of '25, and from the time he left St. Joe up to his death he showed himself to be a faithful alumnus. For many months he suffered from tuberculosis which gradually took a fatal turn. May his soul rest in peace!

Four of our Alumni are pursuing their studies at Our Lady of the Lake Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio. They are Herman Klocker '25, Gilbert Reyman '25, Michael Hnat '26, and Frank Denka '26. We have been reminded of these happy boys by Herman Klocker, who expresses his wishes for ever greater success in the publication of the Collegian. We feel secure in the hope that all four of these young men will continue to do well in their work and will reach the goal that they have set to themselves.

Michael Walz, who is at St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, lets us know that he enjoys the Collegian very much and says that the news items it contains are as "local" items to him. To be sure, Michael, we appreciate your best wishes for success to the Collegian and we thank you very sincerely for the kindly regard that you show towards the publication.

Hair is not only an ornament, but a necessity to the top of every human head. While considering this rather important fact, we can readily see good reasons for sympathizing with our friend, Joseph Hartman, of the class of '28, who is at present at St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Joseph, so we are reliably informed, is rapidly qualifying

for membership among the hairless crew. If the information that has reached us is not correct, Joseph, then set us aright in this matter. Meanwhile don't worry, for if the worst should happen, then there is consolation in the old saying that "a marble slab never finds its place on poor furniture".

The letter received from Robert Koch '28, Cleveland, Ohio, was deeply appreciated by all members of the Collegian Staff. It is particularly gratifying to note the statement as made by Robert that the Collegian is fully on a par if not superior to what it was at the time when our Rev. Director in his student days was a member of the staff.

LOCALS

ST. JOE MAN MAKES HISTORY

Many, many years ago, so the legend has it, there was in Lake Erie a floating strip of land known as Kelleys Island. Before this insular body became anchored at its present situation it wandered, we are told, so close to the shore that it often touched the mainland. A group of merry makers one fair day mistook the island for an ideal place for a picnic, but were soon alarmed upon finding themselves marooned in the middle of the lake. They quickly threw the anchor overboard and immediately set to work inventing the steam ship. Before they had completed the project, however, the island became so endeared to them that they resolved to remain there and to use their boat only as a means of intercourse with the mainland. In recent days, however, we of St. Joe feel greatly indebted to Richard Bauman

for his daring adventure of which the editor of the "Toledo Blade" was pleased to write in his editorial.

"Those twenty-seven residents of Kelleys Island made history Saturday when they accepted transportation by airplane from Sandusky to their ice buffeted island in Lake Erie.

"When the sturdy little steamer was unable to make headway against ice and winds, the airplanes came as a modern instrument of travel.

"In other years these folk who braved the journey by boat in an effort to bring the true Christmas spirit to their homes, might have accepted the inevitable and remained on the mainland until conditions were more favorable, even if it meant not getting home by Christmas.

"But as splendid as was their ability to get home so quickly Saturday, the most remarkable fact appears in their willingness to accept the airplane as the vehicle of their journey.

"It meant that the old prejudices against the airplane have passed. Nobody refuses to ride through the air any more because of a possible objection to the method being unsafe."

That's the stuff "Kelly", put the home town on the map!

OUR LITTLE MUSEUM

The proud peacock that adorns the reading room of the library at one time graced the landscape of St. Joe with his majestic presence. There was a day, so the story has come to us, when sophomores took great delight in describing the weird and terrible noise this bird would make every morning just as the sun peeped out from the east. Even now and then we may hear someone express his pleasure that

this beautiful creature is no longer able to disturb a good dream at five o'clock in the morning. Whether he was a likable creature during life or not, it is hard to say, but it is certain that Mr. Peacock who now lives in a glass house with the owl family is a rather good looking gentleman whose brilliant apparel adds much charm to the reading room.

In another case one may find a valuable treasure of rare books. A watch pocket edition of the Bible is perhaps the most unique. Then there is a collection of antique books the oldest of which dates back to the middle of the Sixteenth Century, a time when printed books were a real treasure. A collection of coins gathered in various countries is also in the possession of the library.

Propably the most interesting of all is the assortment of war instruments, which, in these days of peace and disarmament, has been relegated to the library annex. Bayonets, bullets, grenades, gas masks and helmets are among the souvenirs of the recent war. There is likewise an old breast plate that seems to have rendered its share of service at the front, for it is badly dented with bullet marks. One hostile missile even penetrated this heavy plate, probably ending some daring adventurer.

Although these relics are not of great value at present, the time may come when they shall be appraised very highly. Let us hope that our supply of historical curiosities will steadily increase so that some day St. Joe may have a little museum of its own.

At the request of the American Legion, who were sponsoring the movie, "They Had to See Paris" at the Palace Theatre, the students were granted a

special town day on January 22. The talkie proved to be exceptionally interesting and humorous. The members of the faculty may be sure that their kind favor is greatly appreciated by the students.

WAR ENDED—PEACE RESTORED

(Disjointed Press Service)

COLLEGEVILLE, Ind., Feb. 1.—The reign of terror that held sway in this city since January 29 was broken today, since the cause of the terror was removed.

Those who have withstood the questioning and have merited honor for themselves are:

Sixths: J. Kraus 96 5-7; M. Dreiling 96; W. Junk, 95 6-7; D. Nolan 95 6-7; J. Baechle 92 3-7.

Fifths: J. Shaw 94 3-7; L. Cross 93 3-7; T. Rie-
man 92 2-7; B. Shenk 92; J. Spalding 91 6-7.

Fourths: M. Meyers 97 6-7; R. Nieset 95 3-7;
H. Schnurr 95 2-7; C. Maloney 95; C. Schuerman 92
5-7.

Thirds: C. Robbins 98 1-4; R. Dery 98 1-8; M.
Vichuras 97 5-6; W. Egolf 97 1-6; V. Hodapp 96 2-7.

Seconds: W. McKune 98 1-3; T. Buren 98 1-5;
W. Conces 98; C. Scheidler 97 4-5; J. Allegeier 97 2-3.

Firsts: J. Klinker 98 2-5; U. Kuhn 97 1-5; F.
Heydinger 95 4-5; D. Metzger 95 2-5; A. Suelzer 94.

BROTHER WILLIAM CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

On February 4 Brother William celebrated his seventy second birthday. Until just recently Brother William still acted as prefect, but he has now resigned and has taken up his abode in the quiet of Dwenger Hall.

OTHER EVENTS IN BRIEF

Feb. 1 Movie—College Auditorium.

Feb. 2-4 Forthy Hours Devotion.

Feb. 4 Town Day.

Feb. 5 Classes resumed.

NOTICE

From henceforth it will be an unpardonable offense for any little boy to mistake a Senior, no matter if the latter be short or otherwise, for the grads are now sporting their new class hats. The flaming red oversea caps, trimmed with a delicate shade of blue can be seen at a great distance, so no excuses—beware!

ATHLETICS

HIGH SCHOOL IS VICTOR OVER COLLEGE

A feeling of exultation seemed to permeate the High School students on Jan. 19, when the final score of the first College-High School game of the season, stood 28 to 26 in favor of the younger team.

Amid boos, cheers, and music of the band, the College five seemed to lack the usual pep which predominates in most of their games. Although the College started out in great style to finish the first quarter with a lead of 8 to 1, they soon became slowed up by the brilliant work of the High School cagers. The game, however seemed to lack the proper spirit until the High School, led on by the stellar playing of Forsee, came back in the second quarter and added fourteen points to their score, in the mean time holding the Seniors to six points. The half

ended with a 14 to 15 score in favor of the High School.

Fresh from the rest between halves, the High School came into the game with a strong determination and added five field goals and three fouls to their score before the last period ended. The College, however, slowed up very much in the second half and scored but twelve points that as a result the younger students won by a score of 28 to 26.

Zahn, Forsee, Conroy and Siebeneck were the stars of the day for the High School. Bonnie Dreiling, Moore, and Maloney showed up best for the College.

Lineup:

COLLEGE	POSITION	HIGH SCHOOL
B. Dreiling (11)	F.	Forsee (7)
M. Dreiling (4)	F.	Maloney, Joe
Sheeran	C.	Conroy (10)
Moore (2)	G.	Bubala (2)
J. Maloney (5)	G.	Siebeneck (4)

Substitutions—College: Cross (2), Mathieu (2), Tatar. High School: Kollar (2), Zahn (3), Mayer.

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

TEAM	W	L	Pct.
Fifths -----	4	0	1000
Sixths -----	3	1	750
Fourths -----	3	2	600
Thirds -----	1	3	250
Seconds -----	0	5	000

Even though one round of the Senior League is completed, there still remain some hot battles to be fought. The Fifths, although in first place have won

most of their games by narrow margins and are liable to lose some if they do not speed up a bit. The pennant, however, is far from being decided. There seems to be more competition in the Senior League this year than in previous years.

FIFTHS COP THRILLER FROM THIRDS

The Fifths almost met their first defeat of the season on January 13, when the much improved Thirds held the College men to a 13 to 12 victory. A foul shot was the winning point of the game. Both teams scored five field goals, had nine foul shots but three good foul shots of the Fifths defeated the two good foul shots of the Thirds. Even though the Fifths had their subs in during the first half, the subs played, to a certain extent, as well as did the regulars during the second half. The score stood 5 to 7 at the half in favor of the Thirds.

SIXTHS NOSE OUT FOURTHS

With a seven point lead at the first quarter, a one point lead at half, and a three point lead for their opponents at the end of the game, the Fourths dropped a hot and snappy battle to the Sixths. In the beginning, the Fourths started out with a bang but the Sixths got them under control by the second quarter. The Sixths did the scoring from then on, until a minute before the final whistle blew, Siebeneck and Mayer each scored a field goal to bring the final count to 15 to 12 in the Sixths' favor. Although a bit rough, the game was exciting and fast.

LEADING FIVE

	G.	F. G.	F.	T. P.
M. Dreiling -----	4	25	4	54
Joe Maloney -----	4	8	6	22
Forsee -----	5	9	4	22
Koller -----	5	10	2	22
Bubala -----	4	9	1	19

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.
Fourths -----	3	0	1000
Fifths -----	2	0	1000
Sixths -----	2	1	666
Thirds -----	0	3	000
Seconds -----	0	3	000

FOURTHS WIN FROM SECONDS

The Fourths opened the Academic League with a bang by tramping over the Seconds for a 35 to 10 victory.

The Seconds were unorganized and inexperienced, whereas the Fourths were veterans of the game. Nardecchia and Vichuras scored most of the points for the Fourths. Naughton and Altieri, of the Seconds, each scored four points.

SIXTHS DEFEAT SECONDS

When the Sixths and Seconds met on January 26, the Seconds were due for another defeat as the Sixths came out on the long end of a 19 to 10 score. The score at half stood 11 to 4 in favor of the Seniors.

While there was no star playing on the part of either team, Tim Naughton scored most of his team's points. Goals for the Sixths' score were contributed by several players.

FIFTHS TRIM THIRDS

In a one sided battle, the Fifths ran wild to defeat the Thirds by a score of 22 to 2. A field goal by Ritter in the first half, was the only counter of the Thirds. Nine points were scored by the Fifths in the first half, and thirteen in the second half. Eight tries at foul shots were unfruitful to the Thirds.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

TEAM	W.	L.	Pct.
Basketeurs -----	2	0	1000
Kittens -----	2	0	1000
Vikings -----	1	1	500
Boilermakers -----	0	2	000
Aces -----	0	2	000

BASKETEERS EASILY WIN OVER ACES

The Basketeurs had no hard job opening the Midget schedule with a win. Coach Moore's team seemed to be easy meat for the Basketeurs when the first half ended with a count 15 to 2 in favor of the Basketeurs. The Aces, however, staged a comeback in the last quarter when the Basketeurs sent in their subs against the Aces. This streak of basket making was not long enough to put the Aces in the lead. The final score stood 19 to 11.

KITTENS TRIUMPH OVER BOILERMAKERS

The Boilermakers did not act like Boilermakers on January 10, when the Kittens walked over them for a 14 to 4 win. A field goal by Brown was the only field goal for the Boilermakers during the entire game. All the points of the Kittens were made by field goals. Jerry Roth, captain and forward of the Kittens, scored ten of his team's fourteen points.

The score, at half, was 8 to 1 in the "Cats'" favor.

JUNIOR NOTES

Although only three games have been played in the Junior League thus far, the J Eliminators and the X'S are each credited with one victory and no defeats. The Texans won one and lost one while the Toreadors and Nordics each lost one game.

Much interest seems to be shown in this Junior League due to the fine playing of such stars as Elliott, Shaw, Grothouse, and Wurst. If these stars formed one team, not even Kelleys Island could put out a better.

TEXANS DEFEAT TOREADORS

In what proved to be the best amusement on the local floor this season, the Texans trimmed Mgr. Elliott's Toreadors by a score of 24 to 17.

The Toreadors, however, lead at half by a narrow margin of 8 to 7. Schnurr and Langhals registered most of the Texans' counters. Elliott scored over half of his team's points. Keep up the good work Jim.

J. ELIMINATORS SNATCH VICTORY FROM NORDICS

Old Man Luck was with the J Eliminators when the Nordics were deprived of a victory during the last few minutes of the game. At half, the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the Nordics. At third quarter, in fact, with but a few minutes to play, the J Eliminators came from behind in a 16 to 9 score to defeat the Nordics 19 to 16. Little Tony Krapf was responsible for most of the points of the J Eliminators. Gollner is the manager of the J Eliminators and Joe Shaw is captain (not coach).

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Judge: You have been summoned upon the complaint of your wife. Liquor?

Mose: Naw suh! She liked me.

And then there was the little Scotch boy who had to quit school because the teacher had told him he would have to pay attention.

"Is your husband much of a provider, Malindy?"

"He ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine to get some new furniture, providin' he gets de money; he goin' to get de money providin' he go to work, providin' de job suits him. I never seen such a providin' man in all mah days!"

Reineck: What's the greatest modern acrobatic feat?

Faber: Football, I guess.

Reineck: No. Wheeling West Virginia across the Ohio.

Tubby: A friend of mine, a tailor, told me an excellent way to make trousers last.

Durkin: How?

Tubby: Make the coat and vest first.

It has been found out not long ago that "Ten Nights in a Barroom" is the story of a Scotchman waiting for someone to buy the drinks.

Young Reporter: All the churches are asking funds for new church buildings. But I can't make a story of that.

Editor: Sure. Head it 'Sects Appeal'.

FROM DIFFERENT PLACES

Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low;
Under the spreading chestnut tree
Where the corn and 'taters grow.
I've been working on de railroad
All de live long day,
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one horse open sleigh.
I am old, so grey
I can write a letter,
Day by day, in every way
I'm getting better.

E. M.

Mike: I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead.

Pat: Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, Mike! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.

Charitable Man (to beggar woman pushing her crippled husband in a wheel-chair): Do you push your poor helpless husband about all day long?

Beggar Woman: Oh, no! We take turn about.

Mabel: That young Henderson does hang around one so. As an excuse I just told him I had to go for some cold cream.

Madge: I see! To get the chap off your hands.

Gibson: I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin', don't you.

Tatar: I don't.

A Scotchman was discovered wandering around Detroit with a pair of rumpled trousers over his arm.

"Can I help you in any way?" asked a kind citizen.

"Man," replied the Scot, who was evidently a new-comer, "I'm looking for the Detroit Free Press."

Preacher: Look what the Lord has done for you. Give him a tenth.

Scotchman: Amen, I'll give Him more. I'll give him a twentieth.

Elliot: The wick of a tallow candle always reminds me of the classic city of Athens.

Kelly: Is that a fact?

Elliot: Yes, you see it's in the middle of Greece

When a doctor down in Kentucky wishes to have one of his patients to say "Ah", he just tells him to give the first person of the personal pronoun.

Lady (phoning music store proprietor): I have just had my radio installed and it is working fine, but the orchestra in Cincinnati is playing too fast. Is there any way that I can slow it down?

An Englishman, just returning to London from a visit over here, was much impressed with our slang phrase, "So's your old man." In telling his friends about it, he explained. "You know they have a deucedly funny saying ovah theh when they question wot you say. Instead of sneering, "Fiddlesticks—or you don't mean it, old chappie," they say, 'Oh, his fawther is the same way.' Clevah, isn't it?"

Pedestrian: Hey! You just missed me by an inch!

Chauffeur: Be patient! I'm coming back directly.

Sheeran: Say do you know the easiest way to take the census in Scotland?

Graber: Go around from house to house.

Sheeran: No. All you have to do is roll a nickel down the street.

Joubert: Do you know when water will stop running down hill?

Sanger: No; when?

Joubert: When it gets to the bottom.

Traveler: Porter I want to be called at five o'clock please.

Porter: Boss, ah guess you-all isn't acquainted these heah mode'n 'ventions. See dis heah button heah? Well when you-all wants to be called you jest presses dat button, an' we comes an' calls you.

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